

PATRONAGE

BY RALPH WATSON

CLYDE HUNTLEY, having sworn to be a dutiful, legal and non-profanely in front of Milton A. Miller, was sitting in a somewhat bewildered expression in the faded chair of the collector of internal revenue, his hope no longer deferred, his ambition realized.

"Good bye, Clyde," Mitt said, tucking the picture of William Jennings Bryan under one arm and that of Woodrow Wilson under the other. "Don't take any had money if it's offered to you."

"Leave it to me," Clyde assured him. "I'll take any kind that comes in."

"I don't like them new pictures," Mitt insisted as he turned to go. "They don't look natural up there."

"They will, eight years from now," Clyde grinned. "Then we'll hang up a couple more like 'em."

"Not a chance," Mitt boasted. "We'll have Bryan back there long before that."

"That's so dry a joke," Clyde insisted, "but you drop in once in a while and give the old place the once over."

"All right," Mitt promised, his hand on the door, "and if you want to know how to run this outfit anytime just phone me and I'll put you wise."

"Till holler for help if I need it," Clyde responded, "but maybe I can wiggle along alone."

As the departing collector passed on Mr. Gup brushed by him and came unheralded into the collector's office.

"Take it from me," he said, seating himself across the big desk and shaking an emphatic finger at the new revenue collector. "Take it from me, you're unfaithful to the job."

"No!" Clyde exclaimed, astonished. "What I done now?"

"You've been in office since 9 o'clock," Mr. Gup chided him, "and you haven't kicked out the Democrats yet."

"Good Lord, man," Clyde contended. "Give me time, can't you. I don't know how many men are working here yet."

"You ought to have had it all fixed," Mr. Gup insisted petulantly. "You ought to have had 'em all dynamited before 10 o'clock."

"Well," Clyde suggested, "the office has been running eight years with most of 'em in it and the government isn't a total wreck is it?"

"That's not the point," Mr. Gup argued. "The boys've been waiting for

eight years and they oughtn't to be kept out any longer."

"I'm going to let 'em in as fast as I can," Clyde insisted, "but I'm not going to go out half cooked."

"You're too slow," Mr. Gup told him disgustedly. "Wait 'till I get a chance at it and I'll show you some fast work."

"I thought," T. Paer interrupted as he came drifting in to the room to give the new collector the once over, "I thought you was running this revenue office."

"I did, too," Clyde answered dolorously, "but I guess maybe I'm just an understudy."

"The Democrats've got to go," Mr. Gup said firmly. "I'm going to have the house full of fellows that can talk politics and boost the party 366 days in every year."

"Ain't you going to do anything but talk?" T. Paer asked curiously. "I kinda had a hunch they was a little work that had to be did now 'nd then."

"They can work if they want to," Mr. Gup answered, "but talking politics's going to be their main job."

"Well," Clyde broke in doubtfully, "I guess my gang'll have to work hard enough to collect the payroll anyway."

"Oh, of course," Mr. Gup conceded. "We've got to get the money in or we can't assess 'em for the next campaign."

"Then," T. Paer suggested, "it's going to take a little money to keep the collector of custom's navy in operation."

"I'm going to have two yachts at least," Mr. Gup boasted. "Seattle's got three and I may have four before I get through with it."

"I don't see what you need so many for," T. Paer said thoughtfully. "I should think one'd be plenty."

"We've got to meet every boat," Mr. Gup insisted. "I'm not going to let 'em slip anything past me."

"It would be a shame," T. Paer said. "You ain't going are you?"

"I hadn't thought of it," Mr. Gup confessed, "but I guess I'll go down 'nd see if Bill Moore's started to pack up yet."

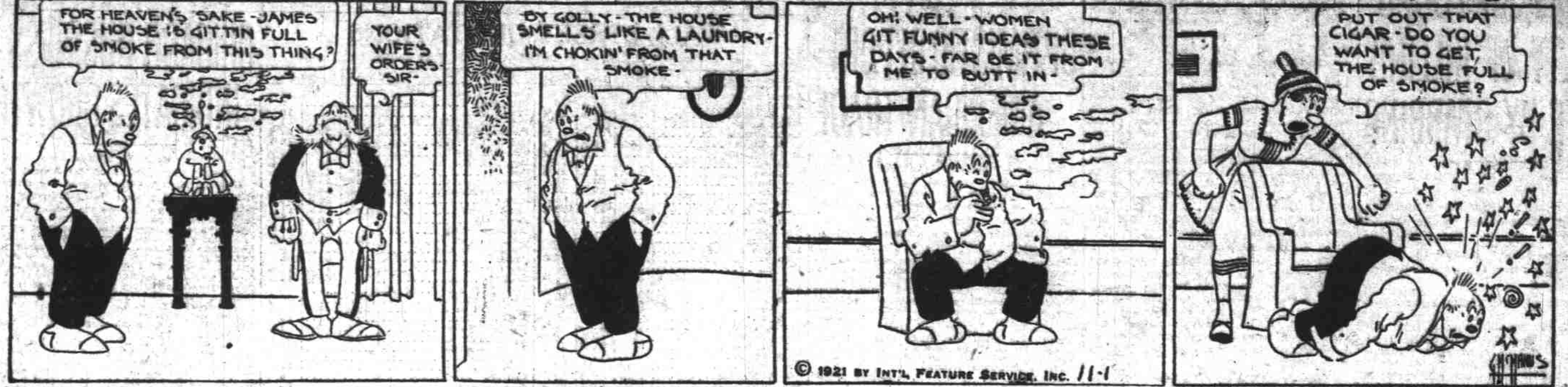
"You know," T. Paer told Clyde as the door closed behind his departing guest, "it looks to me like you was going to have trouble mindin' your own business."

"I can't say what I think," Clyde answered confidentially. "It wouldn't be loyal to the party."

BRINGING UP FATHER

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By George McManus



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KRAZY KAT

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The Temptation Is Too Great



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LITTLE JIMMY

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Jimmy Just Made It Easier



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JERRY ON THE JOB

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No Desire to Cheat Anybody

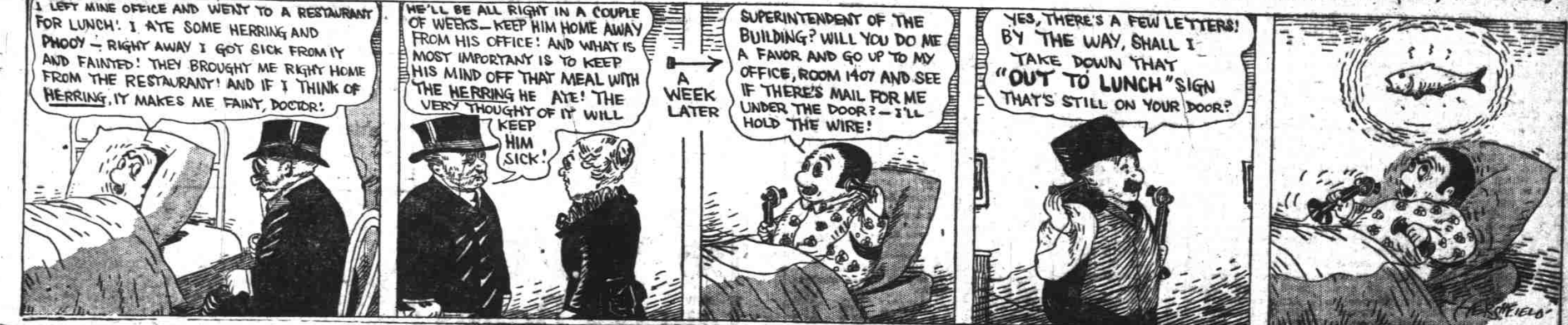


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ABIE THE AGENT

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A Gentle Reminder, We'll Say



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Shrimp Has It All Figured Out

US BOYS

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BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Peter Remembers Jerry Muskrat

By Thornton W. Burgess

Who to my signs gives careful heed Will be prepared for every need. — Old Mother Nature.

PETER RABBIT sat just inside of one of Johnny Chuck's back halls and waited for Reddy Fox to go away. Peter was in no hurry. He had just as soon sit there for a while as anywhere else. He was quite safe and knew it. The only way Reddy Fox could get in would be by digging that back hall larger, and he felt sure Reddy wouldn't waste any time doing that.

He was quite right. Reddy had snarled angrily when Peter had thumped a warning to Johnny Chuck and Johnny had shown Reddy a pair of black heels as he dived down inside his house. Then Reddy had rushed for Peter, who, just in the nick of time, dodged into this back hall of Johnny Chuck's.

"I'll dig you out," snarled Reddy, poking his nose in at the doorway.

"Come on," retorted Peter, "it is fine weather for digging."

Reddy started to dig as if he really



Peter poked his head out for a look around.

intended to do just what he had said he would do. Peter chuckled. "It is sure to see some one so willing to work," said he.

Reddy stopped digging. He knew that Peter knew he was only bluffing. "Anyway, one of these days I'll make you pay for cheating me out of a fine dinner of fat Chubs," he warned you, Peter Rabbit, you'll pay for this one of these days," snarled Reddy.

"Thank you for the warning. I'll keep it in mind," chuckled Peter.

Reddy made a lot of dreadful threats of what he would do to Peter when he would catch him, and then went away. Peter remained right where he was for a long time, and having nothing else to do he fell to thinking of Johnny Chuck and how positive Johnny was that the coming winter would be long, hard and cold.

"I wonder if he is right?" thought Peter. "I don't see how he can know. But he thinks he knows. He has made his house deeper than ever before, and I never since I have known him, and I have known him all his life, has he been as fat as he is now. And he says it is all because we are going to have a long, hard, cold winter. He is sure of it, yet he can't tell how he is sure; says it is just a feeling. Huh! I don't put much faith in feelings of that kind. I wonder if anybody else has that feeling. I don't believe anybody does."

Right then Peter remembered something he had quite forgotten. He remembered how, very early one fall, Jerry Muskrat had gone to work on his house, making the walls thicker than usual, and when he had been asked why he was doing it he had said because the winter was going to be unusually cold. He remembered how he and most of the other little people had laughed at Jerry and made fun of him for thinking that he could tell what the winter was to be like. He remembered, too, how, when the winter had come, it had been just as Jerry said it would be, the coldest, hardest winter for years.

Peter scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot, and on his face was a puzzled look. Perhaps there was something in that "feeling" after all.

"I wonder if Jerry has got it this year," said he, talking to himself. "I don't see why he shouldn't have, if Johnny Chuck has it. I'll run over and find out. It's all nonsense, of course, still, I would like to know what Jerry thinks about it."

Peter poked his head out for a look around. The way was clear. Reddy Fox was nowhere to be seen. Peter started for the Smiling Pool, lipperty-lipperty lip.

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The next story: "Jerry Muskrat Also Has the Feeling."



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CONVICTED ON LIQUOR CHARGE Medford, Nov. 1.—The jury empaneled in the circuit court here in the case of Ernest S. "Dud" Wolgamot, Monday returned a verdict of guilty to the charge, that of disposing of illegal liquor.

Advisors from Washington state that the government reclamation service will have to disburse within a few months \$400,000 to be expended upon the Powder river irrigation project.